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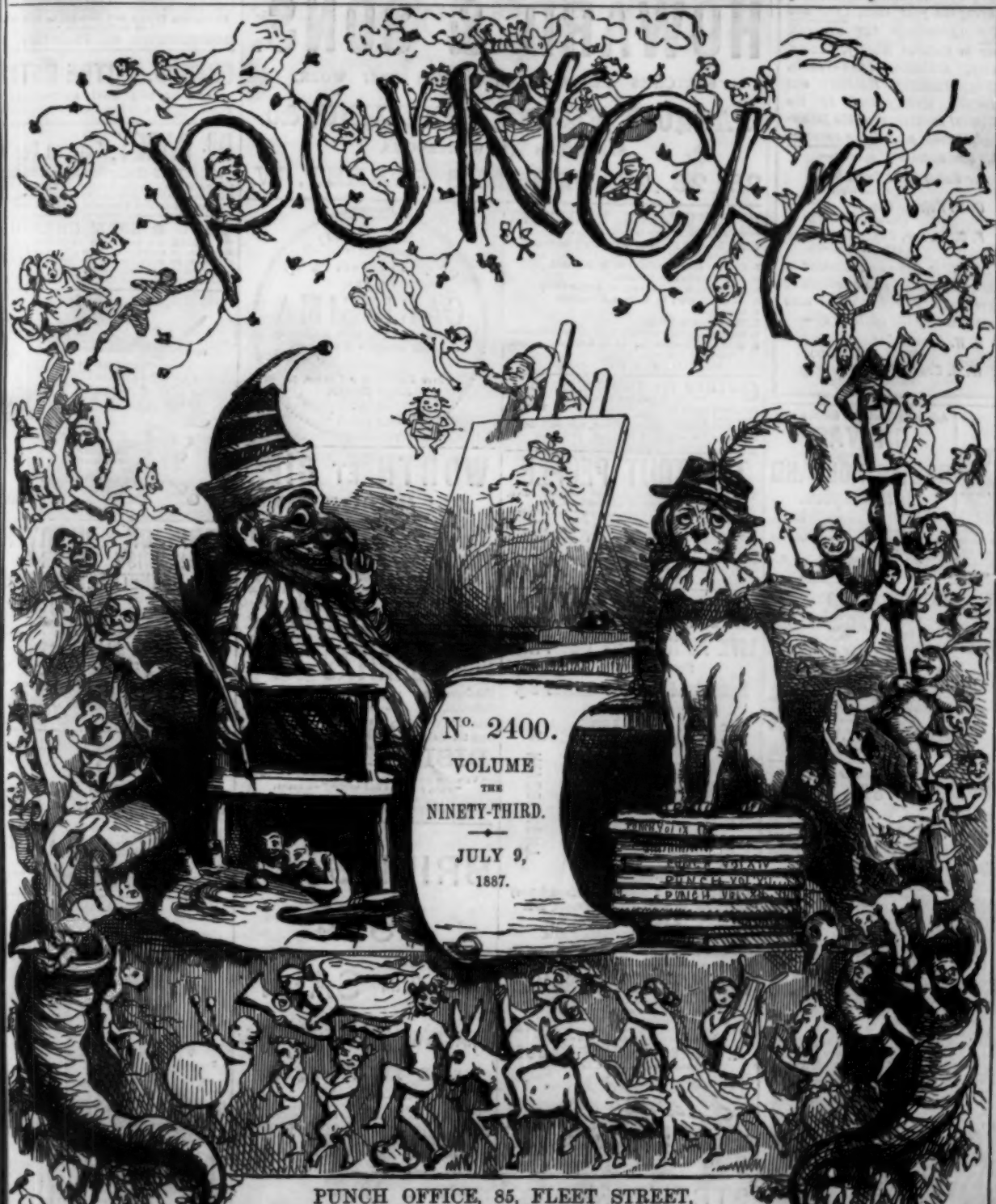

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OPERATIC CONFUSION.

I WENT on Saturday to hear the three operatic novelties so liberally provided for us on the same night by Messrs. MAPLESON, LAGO and HARRIS. I do not mix my liquors, and I endeavour, as a rule, to keep to the same lyrical drama throughout the evening; nor is it my fault if a good dose of strong BEETHOVEN, sweetened with GOUNOD and flavoured with MEYERBEER had, on the occasion in question, a somewhat confusing effect on my brain. At Her Majesty's, LILLI LEHMANN was all right as *Leonora;* not *Leonora* of *La Favorita*, but *Leonora* the favourite wife of *Manrico*—no, not of *Manrico*, but of another personage who, like the unfortunate *Trovatore*, has to be rescued by his loving spouse from the tyranny of a powerful baritone; whether VERDI'S *Count di Luna* or SHERIDAN'S *Pizarro*, I cannot just now call to mind. Mlle. LEHMANN is not only a fine singer, but also a serious dramatic artist; and the public was deeply impressed by her performance. She is a LEHMANN with all the earnestness of a good clergyman; not that she had taken orders as I (Box No. 70) had done.

From Her Majesty's Theatre, I drove in a rapid Hansom to Drury Lane. I had told the cabman to take me to the Royal Italian Opera, and I was about to remonstrate with him for conveying me to the wrong house, when he promptly explained that there were now two Royal Italian Operas, one at Covent Garden, the other at Drury Lane. New source of confusion! "Confusion worse confounded!" as MILTON observes.

"How far have they got?" I inquired as I entered the theatre.

"*Valentine's* death scene," replied my friend.

"*Valentine* does not die, my dear fellow; *Valentine* only faints," I answered, I was thinking of course, of the new dramatic soprano, Mlle. SANDRA, in *Les Huguenots*.

"You are evidently not an Opera-goer," I continued, "or you would know that no one dies in this work, except, of course, in the last Act. But that is always left out."

"Wrong again!" exclaimed JONES, with an amused look. "AUGUSTUS HARRIS restores the last Act. See his prospectus."

"Well, never mind that. Is ELLA RUSSELL singing the part of *Queen Margaret* as well as ever?"

"I did not know that *Margaret* was a Queen. I always thought she was of humble origin. The part in any case is being played by Mlle. NORDICA."

Determined to be no longer the victim of mystification, I wished JONES good-bye, and hurrying in, found the curtain down. Afraid now to ask what was being played, I waited patiently for the next Act, and when at last the curtain went up, I found to my astonishment that some representation entirely new to me was taking place. Will-o'-the-Wisps on a dark back-ground. That was all I saw. I asked myself whether I had gone mad, or whether the Drury Lane Pantomime was being played a little earlier than usual. Then the dark scene gave place to a scene of great brilliancy. There was a throne at the back of the stage, and again my thoughts reverted to the *Huguenots*, and I fancied I could recognise *Queen Margaret*. But her features were not the features of ELLA RUSSELL. Besides, ELLA RUSSELL does not dance, not at least on the Operatic stage; and this lady did.

"This is HELEN," said a gentleman in a stall on my right to a lady by his side. Here was at least a clue; and when at the same moment the baritone DE RESZKE stepped out of a group attired in the garb of *Mephistopheles*, I said to myself that the performance had been changed, and this was the last Act of BOÏTO'S *Mefistofele*, with new details, or at least details that I had not noticed when the work was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre and at Covent Garden. Now dancing began in earnest, and I wondered much at the never-failing ingenuity of Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, who with a score of first-rate singers in his Company, had nevertheless found himself compelled (probably at five minutes' notice,) to change an Opera into a *ballet*. It reminded me of a certain operatic Manager, who, being suddenly deprived of the services of most of his vocalists, announced in his programme, that in consequence of the departure of his principal singers, the music of *Don Giovanni*, would be "replaced, for that night only, by lively and expressive pantomime."

When, however, *Mephistopheles* DE RESZKE and *Faust* DE RESZKE both began to sing, I saw that my supposition was untenable.

"What you have seen," said JONES, who meanwhile had come in, and who now occupied a seat on my left, "is not *Mefistofele* at all. It is GOUNOD'S additional Ballet Scene for *Faust*. 'Dramatic *Divertissement*' it ought to be called. Beautiful grouping, picturesque costumes, magnificent scenery, delightful dance music! But you ought not to have missed the new *Valentine*. That was a great mistake." I looked at my watch. "Time enough for the new *Valentine* even now," I reflected; and I went over as fast as I could to Covent Garden.

Here there was a new *Valentine* surely enough. A Russian lady, I was told. Not a bit like the Russian ladies one has seen in *Fedora*, the *Pink Pearl*, the *Red Lamp*, and other dramatic misrepresentations of Russian life. But Mlle. SANDRA, or Mlle. PANAEFF, or whatever her name may be, was not playing the part of a female Nihilist. She was impersonating a well-bred, Catholic young lady of the Sixteenth Century. JONES subsequently informed me that it was not Mlle. SANDRA'S *Valentine* that I ought to have seen, but VICTOR MAUREL'S, at the other house.

NOTE AT THE GUILDHALL.—Now we know what the City Marshal has to do. We saw him in his warlike costume, bareheaded, marshalling the carriages of the Great Personages on their departure, and capitally he did it. Not a single name was pronounced incorrectly. Everybody came up to time, and got away comfortably. On these occasions, the City Marshal is a sort of Glorified Linkman.

AP101
P8
v. 9

THE LATEST FROM LORD'S.

Land Bill. "WELL, ANYHOW, YOU CARRIED YOUR BAT."

Crimes Bill. "YES; BUT YOU'LL FIND THE BOWLING AWFULLY HOT."

SCENE—*The Cricket Field. The Bell has rung for the Second Innings.* Mr. LAND BILL *is just going to the wickets, and pauses to exchange a word or two with* Mr. CRIMES BILL, *who has had so long an innings in the earlier part of the match.*

Crimes Bill (*taking it easy on his bat*). Hillo, L. B. my lad, you're going in?

L. B. (*buttoning his gloves nervously*). Ye—e—s. Captain's orders!

C. B. Well, I hope you'll win.

L. B. I'll do my best; can Cricketer do more?

C. B. No. But, by Jove! you'll find it hard to score.

L. B. What? Bowling killing?

C. B. Beastly! Talk of "shying"?
CROSSLAND's a lamb to HEALY.

L. B. Ah! that's trying.
But then they haven't got a SHAW, Sir, surely?

C. B. No; but, by Jingo! they have more—a MORLEY!
Straight on the middle stump. And then old GLAD
Breaks awful, right and left, and shoots like mad.
I say they ought to be disqualified
For unfair bowling.

L. B. Humph! that game's been tried;
But Umpire doesn't always seem to see it.

C. B. Ah! Umpires are such funkers.

L. B. Well, so be it.
Must do my best. What sort of wickets?
C. B. Crumbling.
Must meet the ball with a straight bat; no fumbling,
Or out you go!
L. B. And how's the fielding?
C. B. Dicky!
'Tis there you'll have the pull that wickets sticky
Or cut up, through the influence of weather,
Can't neutralise. *They're never all together.*
Some run like hares, some throw in like a Krupp;
But what they fail in is in "backing up."
L. B. Thanks be! I see my chance then. If they're loose
In fielding I can slog 'em to the doose.
C. B. But don't take liberties, my lad. No jumps
In for a drive; they're always on the stumps.
And then their wicket-keeper's like a cat.
L. B. Well, anyhow *you* carried out your bat,
Despite the lot of them. Can "crack" do more?
C. B. (*significantly*). Yes!—I kept up my stumps, but *could not score!*
A "Not out, nothing" may be meritorious,
And very useful, but 'tis hardly glorious.
A stolid SCOTTON's worth his salt, at need;
But, after all, he's not a GRACE or READ.
You'll have to hit, as well as guard your wicket,
If you'd be popular. Blocking is not Cricket!
L. B. Humph! no, not quite. My orders are to score
And bring the House down.
C. B. That will cause a roar
When you take back your bat to the Pavilion.
A Cricketer must smite to please the Million.

ROUTLEDGE'S *Jubilee Guide to London*, is good, not only for such a "high old time" as the Jubilee Week, but for the next three years or so until the streets are re-named and a few new thoroughfares opened up. The illustrations are excellent. There is only one objection to this Guide as a companion, and that is it is rather too large. No Guide to be useful should be bigger than the Handy-Volume Shakspeare size, originally started at 85, Fleet Street. Some of the French Guides, not the regiment, but the little books, JOANNE'S Series, are models in this respect.

PHILIPS' *Handy Volume Atlas* is about the right size. "The World," it is often said, "is a small place;" but for all that, it does not go so easily in a tail-coat pocket, where Mr. PHILIPS' Atlas can be conveniently carried. It is an invaluable companion for everyday newspaper reading. *Happy Thought* for Travellers, to whom this little volume is recommended, "PHILIPS on his way through the World."

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Our Artist (*showing his last and most important Picture, the work of years*). "YES, I SHOULD LIKE TO *EXHIBIT* IT; BUT I DON'T WANT TO *SELL* IT, YOU KNOW—AT LEAST NOT TILL TIMES ARE BETTER."

Friend. "WELL, WHY NOT SEND IT TO THE EXHIBITION, AND PUT A PROHIBITIVE PRICE UPON IT—SAY TWENTY POUNDS!!"

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

(*Meteorological forecast for the Month.*)

6th.—Queen's Weather continues. Raspberry crop fails. Strawberries sold by auction in Covent Garden Market, and fetch two guineas each.

13th.—Queen's Weather still continues. All the grass in Hyde Park turns brown, and suddenly disappears. Vegetables generally sell at famine prices. Riot of Dukes attempting to secure a bundle of late asparagus from a fashionable West End greengrocer's, suppressed by the police.

17th.—Queen's Weather as settled as ever. Great drought commences. London Water Companies cut off their supply. Five o'clock tea in Belgravia made from boiled soda-water. Apollinaris supplied in buckets, for washing purposes, at the rate of twenty guineas the dozen pint bottles.

21st.—Queen's Weather showing no signs of departure, fifteen umbrella-manufacturers go through the Bankruptcy Court, and commit suicide. Dust in London becomes intolerable. A Nobleman in Mayfair has Piccadilly watered with BASS's India Pale Ale.

27th.—Queen's Weather established. The Thames runs dry between Vauxhall and Westminster. The SPEAKER gives a garden-party in the bed of the river. *Café noir*, made of ink, served as a refreshment.

31st.—Queen's Weather still continuing, seventeen ginger-beer manufacturers who have become *millionnaires*, are raised to the Peerage. The LORD MAYOR goes off his head, and, imagining that he is the Old Pump at Aldgate, is removed, by general consent, to Colney Hatch.

FLOREAT MASCHERA!

A GREAT deal of curiosity has been expressed about the Gray's Inn *Maske of Flowers*, which has puzzled a number of people. The better informed have replied, when asked, "What *was* it?" "Oh, don't you know what a Maske is? Why *Comus* was a Maske, don't you know?" To save time and temper, *Mr. Punch* begs to inform all inquirers that:—

1. "Gray's Inn" is the Inn where the poet GRAY always stopped when he came to town. It has always been associated with Poets.
2. This *Maske of Flowers* is not Mr. CYRIL FLOWER, M.P.'s.
3. It is highly improbable that the Benchers of the Four Inns of Court will appear in Fancy Costume at four o'clock in the morning, and serenade the occupants of the Western Face of Gray's Inn Square from the Gardens.
4. The Maske is not so called from everybody in Gray's Inn appearing in "big heads."
5. The LORD CHANCELLOR is not introduced as Harlequin, and does not dance a *pas seul* with "Mr. SOLICITOR," founded upon some of the more intricate steps of the *pavan*, or peacock's strut.
6. That it is not the duty of the Master of the Revels to teach the Masters of the Bench how to execute with spirit a Morisco.

Having said what the Maske will *not* be, *Mr. Punch* goes a step further—and stops, thinking it will be better to reserve particulars until after the Performance.

EVERY Etonian ought to go to the Gaiety and hear Mr. MERRIVALE'S new piece, of which Mrs. BROWN-POTTER is the heroine. Why ought every Etonian to do this? We forgot to mention that the name of the play is *Civil Warre.* (If it isn't so spelt, it ought to be.)

ROYALTY AT THE PALACE.

Cockney notion of A-making.

HARD-WORKING three weeks has H.R.H. had of it. Morning, noon, and night, here, there, and everywhere. *Mr. Punch* was glad to see that H.R.H. took his advice, given last week, and immediately visited the Crystal Palace. The Fireworks were first-rate. The Prospect was brilliant. Good omen for the C. P. If the B. P. could only get to the C. P. in twenty minutes from Victoria, by Palace trains every twenty-five minutes after a certain time in the afternoon, the future chances of prosperity for the Palace would be considerably increased. By the way, we thought we noticed some people, who had nothing to do with the fireworks, speaking to the Lighters — the de-lighters — while in the execution of their duty. If so, this ought to be stopped, and a notice put up,—"You are requested not to speak to the Man at the (Catherine) Wheel."

JILLS IN OFFICE.

SCENE—*Portion of a Stationer's Shop, used as Post Office. Two Young Ladies (let them be distinguished as* Miss CROSS *and* Miss ORTY) *discovered behind wire-screen. At opening of scene, the public is composed exclusively of the gentler sex, and the demeanour of* Miss C. and Miss O. *though firm, is not positively forbidding. Lady Customers having despatched their business, move away, leaving the coast clear to three* Mild Men, *who advance to screen with a meekness designed to propitiate. Instant transformation in both* Miss C. *and* Miss O., *who gaze at them through screen with air of visitors at the Zoo who are not fond of animals.*

First Mild Man (*with apologetic cough*). Oh, good-day! [*Slight pause.*

Miss Cross to Miss Orty (*in continuation of an interrupted anecdote*). Yes, I said it to him just like that—it made me so *wild!*

Miss Orty. I shouldn't have taken any notice if it had been me.

First M. M. Can you oblige me with six stamps, if you please?

[Miss ORTY, *without looking at him, opens drawer, tears off six stamps, and tosses them contemptuously underneath the screen.*

Second Mild Man. Oh, I beg your pardon, I just called in to inquire—(Miss C. *and* Miss O. *regard him stonily, which has effect of disconcerting him to some extent*). I—I . . . . there were some books I sent off by Parcels Post from this Office the other day . . . . you may remember it?—they were all in white wrappers. (Miss C. *and* Miss O. *wear the resigned look of people who feel themselves in for a dull story.*) Some of my friends, er—I have been given to understand, that two of the parcels have—well, failed to arrive as yet . . . . Could you kindly——

Miss O. to Miss C. (*with lifted eyebrows*). Know anything about the books?

Miss C. shakes her head in scornful repudiation, whereupon Miss Orty selects a printed form, which she jerks towards Second M. M. Fill up that, and send it in to the Postmaster-General.

Second M. M. But are you quite sure they have not been mislaid *here?* You see they are small books, and it struck me perhaps—er——

Miss O. Any remarks you have to make can be put in the form.

Second M. M. Quite so—but if you could only tell me——

Miss O. Can't do any more than I have done. (*To First M. M.*) I gave you your stamps some time ago, didn't I?

First M. M. Oh, yes—yes, I had the stamps, thank you. But—but (*with manner of man who is compelled to enter on a painful subject*) there was my change—I—I gave you half a sovereign.

Miss O. (*with cold suspicion*). Don't remember it. You should have spoke about it at the time—but of course, if you *say* you haven't had it—I suppose——

[*Deals out his change as if it was more than he had any right to expect.*

Second M. M. One moment—am I to leave this form with you?

Miss C. No. Send it to the General Post Office in the regular way—they'll attend to it. You'll find all the directions there if you take the trouble to look.

Second M. M. Thank you *very* much. Good morning.

[Miss C. *and* Miss O. *naturally take no notice of this piece of familiarity, and* Second M. M. *departs crushed, and gradually realises that he is slightly annoyed.*

Third M. M. (*presenting a telegram*). Will you send this off at once, please?

Miss Orty (*takes the form, and runs a disparaging eye over it, rather as if it were an unwelcome love-letter from some detested adorer*). "Post mortem's" *two* words.

Third M. M. I have no objection—but it's rather important. I want it delivered, and *soon.*

Miss O. You must put the address more full than "Rumbo," then.

Third M. M. But the telegraphic address is registered "Rumbo."

Miss O. (*who seems to consider* "Rumbo" *somewhat too frivolous*). Well, if you like to leave it so, I can *send* it—it's at your risk. (*She leaves the form on the counter.*) Eightpence-halfpenny.

Enter Footman, *with parcel.*

Footman. How much to pay on this, Miss, please?

[Miss Cross *takes it reluctantly, slaps it down on scales with infinite contempt, flings in weights, and then tosses a stamp and label to* Footman, *with the brief remark,* "*Fourpence,*" *spoken aggressively.* Footman, *after paying his fourpence, and gazing from stamp to label in a hopeless manner, opens his mouth twice, and withdraws, too intimidated to ask for further instructions.*

Miss C. (*still occupied with her anecdote*). I *should* laugh if he came again next Sunday, just the same—shouldn't you?

Miss O. I'd let him see I wasn't going to put up with it, I know!

Miss C. Oh, he'll find out he won't have things all his way. (*Perceives* First M. M. *evidently awaiting her leisure.*) Was there anything else you were waiting for?

First M. M. Er—yes. Can you let me have a Postal Order for six-and-sixpence?

Miss C. (*with decision*). No, I can't!

First M. M. (*surprised*). But surely——!

Miss C. Give you two—one for five shillings, and one for eighteen-pence, if *that* will do?

First M. M. Of course, that's what I meant!

Miss Cross. It's not what you *said*—you said *a* order. (*Makes out the orders with much disdain.*) Three-halfpence to pay.

Second M. M. (*returning*). Oh, I quite forgot—will you kindly cash this order for me?

Miss O. Not till you've signed it.

Second M. M. Bless my heart, I quite forgot it ought to be signed! Could you oblige me with a pen for one moment?

Miss. O. There's a desk over there for all that.

Second M. M. I—I thought if you would let me sign it here, it would save time—the desk is occupied at present I observe.

Miss O. (*dabs a pen in the inkstand, and pushes it disdainfully through the wire net-work.*) Give it back when you've finished with it.

[*She is apparently alarmed lest it should be secured as a Souvenir.*

Enter Imperious Customer, *and approaches screen with lordly air.*

Imperious Customer (*blusterously*). Here you—one of you, let me have a penny stamp, and a packet of thin post-cards, and two half-penny wrappers, will you? and look sharp!

Miss C. and Miss O. (*becoming instantly all smiles.*) Certainly, Sir. (*They vie with one another in activity.*) Postcards in that drawer . . . I'll get the wrappers—ninepence-halfpenny, Sir, and thank you. Good morning, Sir.

[*Exit* Imperious Stranger *snatching up his purchases and ignoring parting smiles from behind the screen.* Mild Men *store up the lesson for use on future occasions. Scene closes in.*

How's That?

"THE A B C of Cricket you must get,"
Says a great Critic, "if you would succeed."
Punch then presumes 'tis by that Alphabet
A Cricketer may learn to (WALTER) READ!

COINS OF THE REALM.—'ARRY remarks that the Tories are led by a "Bob" (CECIL), the Parnellites can boast the possession of a "TANNER," whilst the Liberal Unionists make the most of their "JOEY."

ON THE JAR.—The French have a proverb, "*il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée.*" This evidently does not apply to the Sublime Porte, which seems generally "neither one thing nor t' other."

IT was settled at the last meet of the Coaching Club that Mr. EATON, M.P., the new Peer, is to be crowned not with laurels, but with his own bays.

THE BARD AT HENLEY.

(*A Reminiscence.*)

OH, Friday was lovely! The Bard who now sings
Saw Princes, Princesses, a Duke, and two Kings,
His Indian Highness, called RAS KUTCH THAKORE,
NAWAB GAFFER JUNG and several more.

Retirement after the Jubilee Fortnight.
"Far from the Madding Crowd."

They saw the best racing, then went to lunch with
The Closuring Commoner, our Mr. SMITH.
'Twas Jubilee Weather! the Course was well kept!
Oh, champagne! and Oh, headache! I sighed—and then slept.

I awoke, to find all my companions gone,
And I, like the Rose, was left blooming alone.
So I plunged in the freshening stream—down, down, down
I dived, and I dived, then I came up—to town.

A CASE AGAINST THE POLICE.—This was Miss CASE, who being arrested by a Constable, was Miss-taken for somebody else. Gallant JOSEPHUS CHAMBERLANIUS of the Orchid Squad has come to the rescue, and the "MATTHEWS-at-Home" Secretary granted an inquiry. Before this paragraph appears, the Public may be in possession of the truth. Justice must be done, or the young woman may become Case-hardened. But whatever the result may be, the Magistrate should study and get by heart, *Newton's Principia.*

GARDEN, LANE, AND MARKET.

"MR. G."—the upper G.—went to hear *Puritani* on Thursday night. Of course he called on Madame ALBANI, and sang a few of the songs just to give "Signor G." a hint. When the First Act was over, and the Closure was moved by the Act-drop descending, Mr. G. went into the Lobby, and voted with the Government of Covent Garden. Mr. G. was seen to be several times in animated conversation with Mr. HALL, who was decorated with a Covent Garden Order, and was wearing a *Shirtcollerado Gladstonensis* in his button-hole. It is, we believe, quite untrue that Mr. HALL has refused to take office—box office—in the next Liberal Cabinet; but whether he will be made an Extra Knight or not is still uncertain. Mr. GYE is very Earnest about it, and at present we can say no more except that the performance of *I Puritani* was first-rate, as naturally it would be, with ALBANI, enthusiastically received, GAYARRÉ, and D'ANDRADE. There were numerous *encores*, and the applause was bestowed with a warmth which increased the temperature considerably.

Note from "Mr. G." to Madame Albani.

At Drury Lane.—A prettier and sweeter voiced *Zerlina* than Miss ARNOLDSON, has not been seen or heard for some time. We must not venture on comparisons, but in two respects Miss ARNOLDSON has the advantage over Madame PATTI (who was singing in *Traviata* on Friday night at the Colonel's Opera House) but one of these is not voice. M. MAUREL played and sang the im-Maurel *Don Giovanni* admirably, and CIAMPI as *Mazetto*, looked and acted like LIONEL BROUGH. A good performance.

"Approbation from Mr. P. is praise indeed!"

"LONG EXPECTED COME AT LAST!"

THE Imperial Institute has commenced. The first stone has been laid by Her Gracious MAJESTY, and the Prince of WALES is sanguine as to the result. The Institute is to be a House and Home, with gardens attached, for special use of our Indian and Colonial cousins visiting England, and it is also intended to keep perpetually before the eyes of the British Public specimens of Indian and Colonial industry. To so useful a scheme *Mr. Punch* wishes every success.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in—Kensington.

The subjoined list of the Procession as it ought to have been, was probably altered at the last moment; but there is no doubt it would have been effective as it stood, or rather as it moved on:—

Australian Lambs. The Master of the Mint.

Organising Committee with various Organs.

Mr. BOEHM, R.A., and Mr. GOSCHEN with new coinage tossing heads.

Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., drawing himself.

Groom of the Bedchamber (on towel-horse).

"Lord's" in Waiting (Oxford and Cambridge Eleven).

The Rajah of SHAMPOOAH, with Order of the Turkish Bath.

THE QUEEN.

Her ROYAL HIGHNESS The Princess of WALES.

H.R.H. Prince of WALES, K.G. ("K.G.," *i.e.*, "Kensington Gained.")

Any Kings and Queens who may be left in Town.

Master of the Horse on a Buck-jumper.

Ladies in Waiting to be asked.

Mistress of the Robes ("dressing up.")

Lots of Sticks in Waiting (with banners of Advertisements in *Era*).

A Serene Grand Transparency (personally illuminated by Mr. BROCK.)

"Mr. G," as "Umbrella in Waiting." (N.B.—This is "Collar day.")

Any number of Trumpeters blowing their own Trumpets.

Little Indian Pickles, led, with taste, by Sir P. CUNLIFFE OWEN.

GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA, with "Echoes," and driving four Quills at once.

Australian Wines, headed by Sir "WILL SOMERS" VINE.

Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, with his Ode Colonial, accompanied by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, on a Grand Piano.

Mr. HENRY IRVING. (Last appearance in London previous to his departure for America.)

Mr. J. L. TOOLE. (Last appearance in London previous to his departure for Aix-les-Bains.

Right Hon. W. H. SMITH, with banner of "Closure."

At a signal from the Archbishop the Chorus will strike up—

The great Imperial Institoot,
In Kensington has taken root,
And as a tree up may it shoot!
Our Institoot, Our Institoot!

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN was so overcome by this inspiration, that after reading it, he could not compose himself. "No," he exclaimed, "I cannot invent music which should be a worthy setting for so precious a gem! Give me something more simple," and so it came about that Mr. LEWIS MORRIS's poem was chosen. Whether the above-quoted beautiful *chorale* was written by the Earl of R-SSL-N, whose little Jubilee volume of poems has so enchanted a select circle, or by another titled and unprofessional poet, is a secret which wild horses should not make us divulge. Hooray for the Institoot!

GETTING ONE'S MONEY'S WORTH.

She. "WHAT 'S THE GOOD OF SPENDING ALL OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS IN WALKING ROUND THE SQUARE, WHERE THERE 'S NEVER A SOUL AND HARDLY A TREE TO SPEAK OF, AND WHEN THERE 'S THE PARK CLOSE BY?"

He. "WHAT 'S THE GOOD OF HAVING TO PAY A GUINEA A YEAR FOR THE USE OF THE SQUARE, IF WE DON'T USE IT AS OFTEN AS WE CAN, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW?"

THE NEW, AND BAD, "HATCH."

Mr. Punch loquitur:—

WELL, PARTLET, old hen, here 's a pretty fiasco!
The Poultry profession seems going to pot.
You might search the whole kingdom from Greenwich to Glasgow,
And never encounter an uglier lot.
They 're crooked, and cranky, and wry-neck'd, and lanky;
I cannot discover one point that is good.
What, join in your cackle of triumph? No, thankye!
We can't accept *this* as a Jubilee brood.

I did expect something a little bit better
From one some crack up as the pride of the House.
Of decentish broods you have been a begetter,
And, though you are dowdy, I thought you had *nous*.
But these scraggy scramblers, ill-fledged and ill-fashioned?
By Jingo, old bird, they 're a perfect disgrace.
No wonder the public disgust grows impassioned;
They simply degrade a respectable race.

Just think of the beauties, the silver and gold chicks,
That often have left that identical coop!
I 'm sure there 's not one of those comely, plump, bold chicks
That would not despise *this* contemptible troop.
They look like the work of a villanous vamper.
Just take a glance at 'em, my PARTLET, I beg;
They 've too much top-hamper, they scarcely can scamper.
A shabbier brood, PARTLET, never chipped egg.

Pray how do you think that the Fancy will class them,
So scraggy, and leggy, and bandy, and bald?
You 'll find it most difficult, PARTLET, to pass them;
In fact, 'tis a pity they can't be recalled.
I 'm really ashamed of 'em; so, Ma'am, should *you* be.
The kindliest hen-wife would banish the batch.
What? Say one word for 'em? Now, don't be a booby:
You *must* be aware they 're a precious Bad Hatch!

RALEIGH TOO BAD.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH's old house at Brixton Rise, *Punch* hears, "is about to be sold by public auction," and the surrounding twelve acres of "nobly-timbered park," given over—of course, like so much else in that once leafy suburb—to the untender mercies of the Jerry Builder. Too bad! In the olden days, QUEEN BESS used to be rowed in her barge up the Effra (which now, like the Mole, "runneth underground," hidden by earth and brickwork, but, not long since, was a visible stream) to visit Sir WALTER at what was *then* his Country House. There were no Interviewers in those happy days, else would a "Sir WALTER RALEIGH At Home," with "Gloriana" as his guest, be toothsome reading. And shall JUGSON, the Jerry-builder, with his mud-bricks and slime-mortar, his warped timber and his peeling stucco, banish even the memories of the great Elizabethans from their ancient haunts? Forbid it, O Spirit of the Jubilee Year! Let the Jubilators RALEIGH—we mean *rally*, round RALEIGH's old Mansion,—

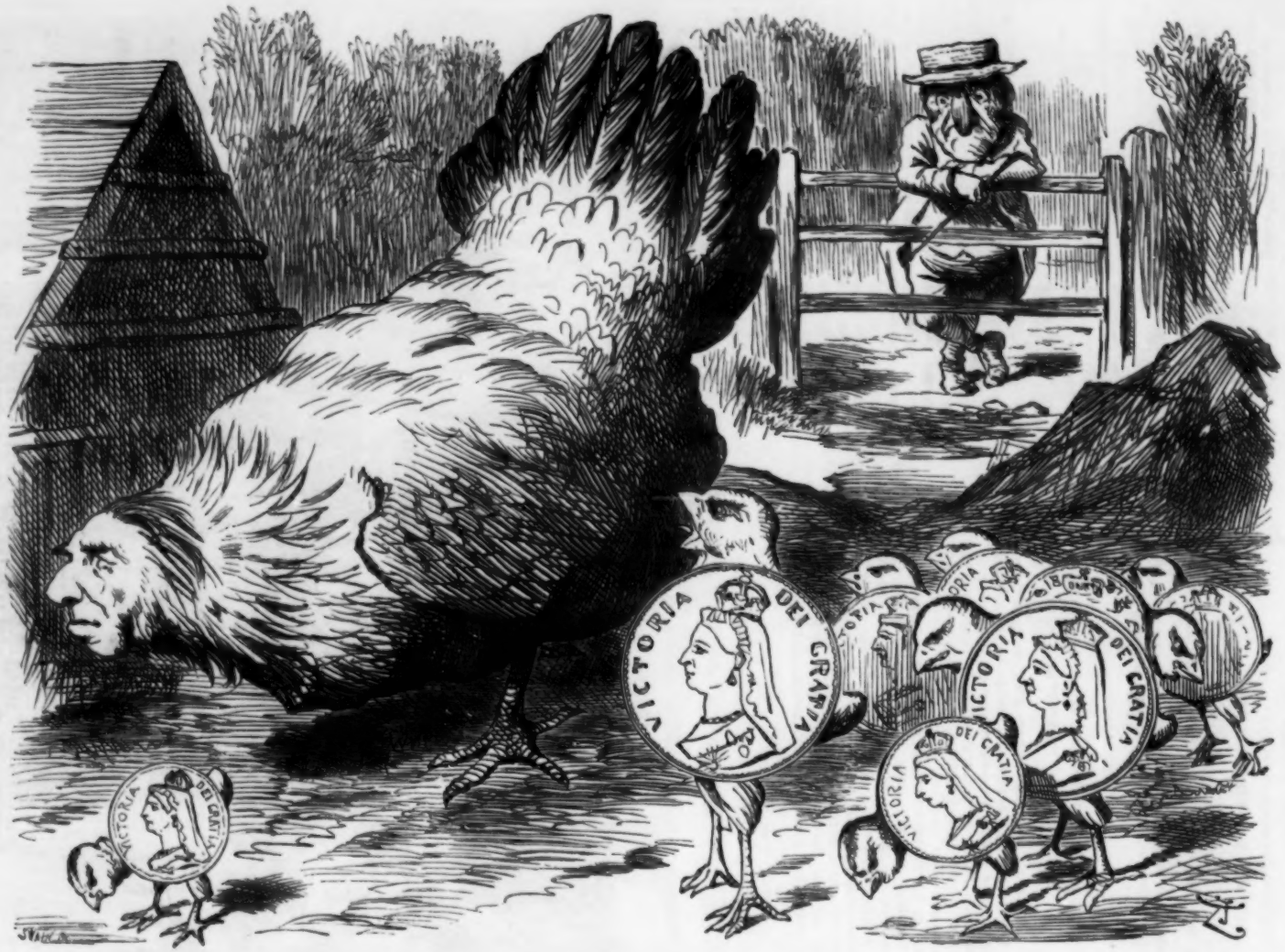
"Let not his house who witched Old England's eyes
Before base JUGSON fall on Brixton Rise."

BEN TROVATO AGAIN. — When the Papal Envoy arrived, His Eminence had several mansions placed at his disposal. The one he fancied most was that offered by Mr. H. LABOUCHERE, M.P., with the appropriate designation of "POPE's Villa, Twickenham."

A Hard-worked Official.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN LATHOM, exhausted is he
After this season of Jubilee.
"Farewell to my cares at holiday-tide,"
Says LATHOM aloud, when he 'll *lay them aside*.

As to the Mission of Monsignor PERSICO to Ireland, an Horatian Nationalist wrote—"PERSICO 's odi." And he probably does dislike it.



THE NEW "HATCH."

MR. P. "AH! THEY'RE AN AWFULLY UGLY LOT! I *DID* THINK THE OLD GAUCHE-HEN—(AHEM!)—WOULD HA' DONE BETTER THAN THAT!!"
[*Exit sadly.*

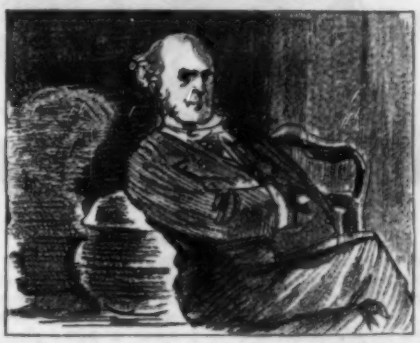
THE LAST VISIT (BUT ONE) TO THE ACADEMY.

No. 518. Left Leg Shrunk.

No. 624. Her Serene Transparency.

No. 413. Hard Hit in a Town and Gown Row.

No. 647. What can we do with the Baby?



No. 623. Warming his Back against the Soup Tureen.

No. 253. Pulling the Stuffing out of Toy Terrier.

A grand flare-up on Thursday last. A Jubilee *Soirée* worthy of the Jubilee Year and the Royal Academicians. Kings, Queens, Royal Highnesses, Grand Dukes and Duchesses have become so common this Jubilee month, that, when some *blasé* and well-seasoned Londoner is asked who such and such a decorated person is, he languidly replies, "Oh! only a King, or something of that sort."

There was a private Royal Night on Wednesday, when only Royalty and The Forty R.A.'s were present,—"The Forty" did something in the oil and colour line, as we gather from *The Arabian Nights*, revised edition, by Lady BURTON,—and, of course, *Mr. Punch*, who is everywhere on every occasion, and who, in a general way, represents H.R.H. Everybody.

On Thursday night, T.R.H. Everybody and Everybody Else were present, and the scene was brilliant. Sir FREDERICK, a Prince among Presidents and a President among Princes, graciously welcomed the guests. He was assisted by Sir EVERETT MILLAIS and Treasurer HORSLEY, who appeared rather weary, perhaps tired of counting the shillings, or worried by the uncertainty of the monetary value of the BOEHM silver currency.

The Queen of the Pictures is still Professor HERKOMER's Lady in black with the long gloves. She lingers in our memory, and will do so for many a long day. May we never see her *in propria persond*, or disappointment might be our dole. The Lady in the picture cannot age. Even amidst all the living breathing beauty collected within those walls on Thursday last, the Lady *on* the wall, if we may so put it, "took the cake,"—though she didn't take it all, as there was plenty left for Miss MARY ANDERSON, Miss DOROTHY DENE, and some other charming ladies. One more visit to the Royal Academy, and then the Show for 1887 will have passed away. Then, after a brief holiday, the Artists will be again at work, according to their individual taste and fancy, taking (lucky *gourmets!*) each one just what best suits his palette. *Au revoir!*

HIBERNIA TO THE QUEEN.

(*On the occasion of the Visit of Princes Victor and George of Wales.*)

YOUR MAJESTY'S Grandsons I welcomed with joy,
At a time when I'm horribly worried;
ALBERT VICTOR and GEORGE—he's a broth of a boy—
Their visit was brief and too hurried.

Ah, then, if your MAJESTY'S self we could see,
Sure we'd drop every grumble and quarrel.
Stay a month in the year with my children and me,
'Twould be a nice change from Balmoral.

THE Wild West Kensington Indians were not permitted to go to Henley last week. It was thought that the sight of so many sculls would be too much for them, and that they would immediately want to scalp everybody. Why doesn't the Honourable Colonel BUFFALO BILL CODY engage "SQUASH," and give him a show on a buck-jumper? Something amusing is wanted to enliven the Wild West Scenes in the Circle, and "SQUASH" is just the sort of droll required.

GOG AND MAGOG AT THE BALL.

THE Jubilee Ball,
Held at Guildhall
Last week, on Tuesday night,
A great success;
All must confess
It was a glorious sight.

The Giants twain
Imbibed champagne.
Says Magog to Gog, "What fun!"
Says Gog, "For a crown
I couldn't get down
As we ought when the clock strikes one."

Says Magog to Gog,
"You jolly old dog,
With the same idea I'm imbued.
We ought to descend,
But we can't, my friend;
On our pedestals we're screwed."

To save their renown,
They didn't come down.
Be sure they acted right.
The jovial pair
Remained where they were;
Gog and Magog stopped up all night!

THE President and Fellows having, at a recent meeting at South Kensington, by their Resolutions shown, spite their difficulties, a disposition to ride the high horse, their body will henceforth be known as the Royal Haughty-cultural Society.

ROBERT AT THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

I've paid my second wisit to this most emusing place, and have to report a grate improvement in its inside, witch is gradawally a filling up like an hungry Alderman at a nice rich fust class dinner.

But this time I paid speshal attention to the outside emusements, and them as carnt find no fun and xcitement in them, had better go off at wunce to the Amerrycan Bar for a "Coaxer," and that, as I found, will soon pick him up. I never saw such a site as BUFFERLOW BILL's Wild West in South Kensington, the werry recklekshun of it sets me off so that I must pull myself together with one of BERTRAM's "Brighton Steadiers," or I shall get too exsited to write strait.

Robert Tobogganing.

Well, I spose it was because they was jest a little late that the whole blooming lot of 'em, Amerrycans and Cow Boys, and Mexicans and Injians with their Squalls and Porposes, and Gals a riding like gals generally rides, and Gals a riding like men, all cum a galloping in at such a whirling pace that it litorally took away all my pore breth, and they screamed as they galloped, and their crimson and blue and scarlet and yeller clokes all shone in the sunlight and fluttered in the breeze, and when they came jest in front of me, where I was setting with dignerty in a reserwed seat at the small charge of 1s., they pulled up bang, as if they was all shot, and all sat as still as mice.

Well, then we had a hole carrywan of settlers for life attacked as they was agoing quietly along by a hole army of wild Injians, and defended by BUFFERLOW BILL and his bold Cow Boys, and a grand fight it was. Plenty of firing, but not enuff execushun for to friten the ladies, for tho jest a few was killed in the dedly combat, they all got up and rode away after the battle was over; so I spose as they was ony shamming jest to deceeve the enemy.

A Little Indian Rubber.

Curiosity, which is the Waiter's weekness, makes me inquire, why so many Cow Boys when there aint not no Cows? We wound up with a Bufferlow hunt, but as the animals was jest as uncurrycombed and as dirty as afore, I gammoned Mrs. ROBERT, who was with me, that it was ardly a site for a reel dellycat lady to witness, so we went off to see the Toboggening, and grate fun it was to look at. But, to my extreme estonishment nothink wood do but Mrs. ROBERT must try it, and, in spite of all my remonstrances, I presently found myself a seated with my bitter arf on the top of an high hill, about to be launched hedlong on our wild career with ony a piece of rope to guide us and nothink to stop us. Oh, that dedly moment of hezitashun! and then the rush through the hair with sitch litening speed as made Mrs. ROBERT give jest a little squeal. How any sane person having wunce tried this new game, which recalled to fond memory the sensashun of my fust swing, can wish to repeat the dose, I carnt understand. He sutteuly ought to have the stummuck of a Horsestrich rather than of a Halderman. The fond partner of my fate having a little hedake after her rash xperryment, which she insisted upon declaring was owing to the rifle-shooting, I adwised her to leave the noisy scene and seek the cumfort of her quiet home, promising to jine her hurly, so she went. I was afterwards asked to try the Switch-back Railway, but learning from a prewious wictim as how the sensation reminded him of the fust time as he crossed the Channel, I declined with thanks.

Hoping to meet with the Kernel who had promised to introduce me to the Hon. Mr. WILLIAM BUFFERLOW, Esquire, wulgerly called BUFFERLOW BILL, I sauntered round to the Injians encampment, but was there told he had gone to dine with some other Savages at the Savage Club, so I coudn't see him. Howsumever I fell into conwersation with one of the tip-top managers, and he introduced me to sum of the principal Braves, as they calls 'em, and their Squaws, and porposes. They was werry affable and perlite, as I 'm told as all reel savages is, but I carnt say much for their hartistick taste. There was one savage lady with a savage dorter and a pickaninny about rising four, as grately surprised me. The yung lady wood have bin werry good looking if her Ma had let her alone, but she had painted her two cheeks such a brite skarlet that skarlet runners is nothing to 'em, and as for the pore little chap his hole face was painted a greenish yeller, like a werry bad case of jarndice, and all his air a brite green. But such is my natral perliteness, that when his fond Ma held him up to me and said, "Lookee, lookee, ain't him Booty?" I said, "Oh! yessee, yessee!" I didn't dare to kiss it, for fear its face wood have stuck to mine, witch woudn't ha bin nice.

I spent a werry plessent evening with the principle performers such as RED SHIRT, and CUT MEAT, and sum others, and whenever the conwersashun flagged I surgested a adjurnment to the Amerrycan Bar, and we allus tried a new drink, and this I will say for my forren frends that they took them all with the same coolness as if they had been the native drinks of the Far West End. The larst one we tried was called "A Yard of flannel," and for warmth and cumfort it was well-named, but somehows I fancy it must ha bin raypher a staggerer, for I remember werry little of what took place afterwards. But I have sum dim recklekshun of playing at cards with two Chiefs and a Squaw, and that one of them had a dress on sumthink like a porkypine with his squills, and that I lost my money, and that sum familyer voice said, "Why, ROBERT, you've lost your Injian Rubber!" at witch we all larfed. How I got home I don't werry well remember, but I do remember, and shall probberbly never forget, the werry warm recepshun I met when at length I arrived there, or the nex morning's hed hake. I don't think I shall try "a yard of flannel," again in an hurry.

ROBERT.

The Children's Nautical Festival.

ON the occasion of the Great Naval Review, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, remembering Mr. EDWARD LAWSON's Hyde Park success, intends to stand treat to all the Buoys round the Coast. The Best Buoy will receive a present from Her Gracious MAJESTY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 27.—Back again to the Coercion Bill. Report Stage reached, and strong whips out on both sides in anticipation of Division. Both Front Benches crowded like the rest. GLADSTONE in his place, as eager to make speech as if it were his first on the subject. HARTINGTON there too, and CHAMBERLAIN, making, with HENEAGE, a brave show on end of Front Bench. GLADSTONE spoke early. A full House, but everyone bored to death. Later, House thinned to degree that invited a count; but at sound of bell Members held in hand for Division, swooped down, got themselves counted, saved the sitting, and straightway fled again.

GEORGE CAMPBELL concerned in interests of Protestant Church. A Papal Envoy been received by QUEEN to present Jubilee congratulations. Was that an exceptional privilege for an Ecclesiastic? Would the Brahmin Head of Benares be allowed to approach HER MAJESTY in similar way? No answer. Would the Grand Imaum of Mecca?

The Under-Secretary of State shivered in his shoes, but still no response.

Then Sir GEORGE, uplifting his voice to its most melodious heights, produced his poser:—"Would the Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland enjoy such a privilege?"

Old Morality and his colleagues on the Treasury Bench began to grow uneasy. No saying where CAMPBELL's list might end. FERGUSSON whispered to and nudged till, propped on his feet, he feebly urged that Moderator of Free Church of Scotland does not come under the category of a Foreign Potentate. A poor quibble this. But CAMPBELL generously disinclined to push his advantage, and Government escaped immediate defeat.

Growing excitement as Division on JOHN MORLEY's Amendment restricting duration of Act to three years approached. RITCHIE has invented new way of taking Division. Members as anxious to try it as nursery of children to handle new toy. At first some little difficulty in understanding it. Members crowded round RITCHIE and asked how it was done.

"Nothing easier or clearer," he said. "There are six doors, which we will call A, B, C, D, E, and F. As soon as division bell rings, F is closed. B is left half open. Members voting 'Aye' pass through the A door and meet the 'Noes' coming through D. A and C are

then simultaneously shut. If B is open, the 'Ayes' and the 'Noes,' having seen E closed, form in one stream, pass through, and there you are. Don't you see?"

Young 'Olden.

Everybody saw quite clearly. Quite a pleasure to see ISAAC HOLDEN (*etat.* eighty, but full of youthful vigour) starting off to try the new experiment. Got through all right. But, half an hour later, GILBERT GREENALL found in recesses of ventilating cellars, where, he said, he was "looking for door E."

Business done.—Report on Coercion Bill.

Tuesday.—WILFRID LAWSON made admirable suggestion to-night. Proposes that, when titles or honours are conferred upon anyone, a statement should accompany announcement, setting forth the public services on account of which the honour has been conferred. It is so done in respect of Victoria Cross. List of Honours conferred in connection with Jubilee show the necessity of extending custom.

"Who's he?" said Sir BORTHWICK, Bart., looking down the *Gazette* when it came out. "Never heard of him, nor him either. I seem to be really the only distinguished person in the lot."

"Who 's he?"

List notable not only for what it includes but for what it omits. House of Commons united in expectation of one recognition, looked for in vain. If "Barnets" were to be made in Jubilee time, why was JOSEPH GILLIS overlooked? This thought in everyone's mind, as JOEY B. turned up to-night telling in a division against the Government. His public appearance now so rare that its recurrence was an event. Since he came into possession of Castle Butlerstown the alteration, long-working, made sudden and complete advance. His moustache, now past the indefinite stage, is an unquestionable reality, and to see JOEY B. twirling it *à la* RANDOLPH, is a delight to the quiet mind. JOSEPH feels his new responsibilities. When reproached by TIM HEALY with his excessive respectability he is not moved.

"It's all very well for you, TIM, to be brow-beating the SPEAKER, interrupting Hon. Members opposite, moving the adjournment and the like. But it's different for a man who has a Castle, a drawbridge, a moat, and a moustache."

Characteristic infelicity on the part of the Government to have neglected this opportunity of recognising a reformed character. JOEY B. is now a credit to the House. It would have been to the credit of the Government had his friends been able to hail him as Sir JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, Bart., of Butlerstown Castle.

Business done.—Coercion Bill again.

Thursday.—"He! he!" said Old Morality, his white teeth shedding pale light over Treasury Bench. "Capital joke! Hope they 'll often repeat it."

Capital it was, and so unexpected, too. Secret admirably kept, and sprung upon amazed House with marvellous effect. After questions, O. M. moved Resolutions providing for discussion on Report Stage of Coercion Bill being peremptorily closed at Seven o'Clock on Monday night.

"The Early Closing Association," said Sir WILFRID LAWSON, looking across at Noble Lords and Right Hon. Gentlemen arrayed on Treasury Bench in support of this Motion.

Parnellites of course hostile to Motion. But more particularly enraged because O. M. in moving it had not spoken single sentence.

"Come, come," said JOHN DILLON, "this is too bad. If we are to lose our liberties, let us, at least, have a speech in support of the proposition."

But O. M. obdurately silent, and debate kept up for three hours from Opposition side. Then Division taken, and Motion carried by majority of a round hundred. After this, Ministers looked forward to another wearisome evening, with Friday to follow, and more talk through Monday up to fatal Seven o'Clock. Here 's where the joke came in. The Opposition, returning from Division Lobby after voting on Closure Proposition, continued their march through the House and cleared out by the door. Ministers watched process with amazement, growing into apprehension, and finally broadening into a grin of delight as the joke flashed upon them. Having given Government the trouble of preparing, moving and carrying Resolution, fixing closure of debate on Monday evening, Irish Members not going to debate at all! The Government might take their Report Stage; which they did, and before you could say "W. H. SMITH," the Report Stage of the Coercion Bill was agreed to, and House, scarcely recovered from surprise, was engaged upon miscellaneous business of the Orders of the day.

Friday, Midnight.—Since dinner-time there has been exhilarating scene in Palace Yard. Nearly every 'bus that has passed has dropped a Duchess at the gate. Four-wheelers, conveying Countesses, have regularly filed in; whilst, what Sir ROBERT PEEL would call "Noble Baronesses," have arrived on foot. As distinguished Novelist somewhere writes, "Lo! a strange thing has happened." On ordinary days House of Lords, which commences public business at 5·30, adjourns about 5·37. At this hour of midnight House still sitting, and no sign of Adjournment. Irish Land Bill under debate. Subject irresistible to Noble Lords. Have foregone their late afternoon drive in the Park. More than one has patriotically dined on a chop.

A flush of honest pride mantles many a noble countenance. All very well for the Commons to boast of their long sittings; but see what the Peers can do when duty calls! At first a little consternation at the arrivals from without. But even that turns out well. There were stories of anxious wives communicating with House of Commons during All-night Sittings, and finding errant husbands not there. But here are Noble Lords unflinchingly serving their country, remaining at their post, whate'er betide.

A beautiful and a soothing sight, which affects to tears some of the Commons, who sit in the Gallery, and look down upon it.

Business done.—Lords pass Report Stage of Irish Land Bill.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

(*New Version, by a Much-Worn-out M.P.*)

"The welcome cry, 'Who goes home?' sounds like a melancholy dirge through the rapidly-emptying lobbies."—MR. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P., *in the "Nineteenth Century."*

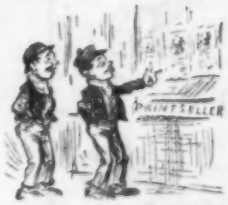
MIDST clauses and paragraphs though we may roam,
Be it ever so dirge-like, there 's no cry like 'Home!"
A charm undefined seems to hallow it there,
After TANNER's loud shindy and CONYBEARE's blare.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet "Home!"
Be it ever so dirge-like, there's no cry like "Home!"

An exile from office, I will not complain,
Give me only my calm "beauty sleep" once again;
The birds singing sweetly at dawn be my lot
To hear, not loud torrents of partisan rot.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet "Home!"
Be it ever so dirge-like, there 's no cry like "Home!"

CRICKET AT LORD'S.

Hits by Dumb Crambo, Jun.

A Patient Innings.



A Cut in front of Point.

Over!

Last Man. His usual form.

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